

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

VOL. XVI.—NO. 17.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

April 21, 1901.

Genuine simplicity of heart is a healing and cementing principle.
BURKE.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE PUZZLED CAT.

BY LAURA F. ARMITAGE.

I CANNOT understand what it means. Why should I, the handsomest cat in town,—that is what they have always told me,—be treated in this way? When I cried at the door, no one came to let me in. I am hungry, and would like my usual saucer of milk; but no one calls me to come in and get some. No one has said, "Poor kitty!" to me to-day, nor patted me. I am not used to being treated in this way, and I do not like it at all. Ethel has not taken me up once; and Rena has said, "Naughty Frisk!" every time she has seen me.

And all on account of that little, good-for-nothing robin. Why shouldn't I catch them? I should like to know. They are good for nothing but to be eaten. They make such a noise singing in the early morning, before it is light, that I cannot sleep. When we cats sing, we do not make noise enough to disturb people. We are too polite for that.

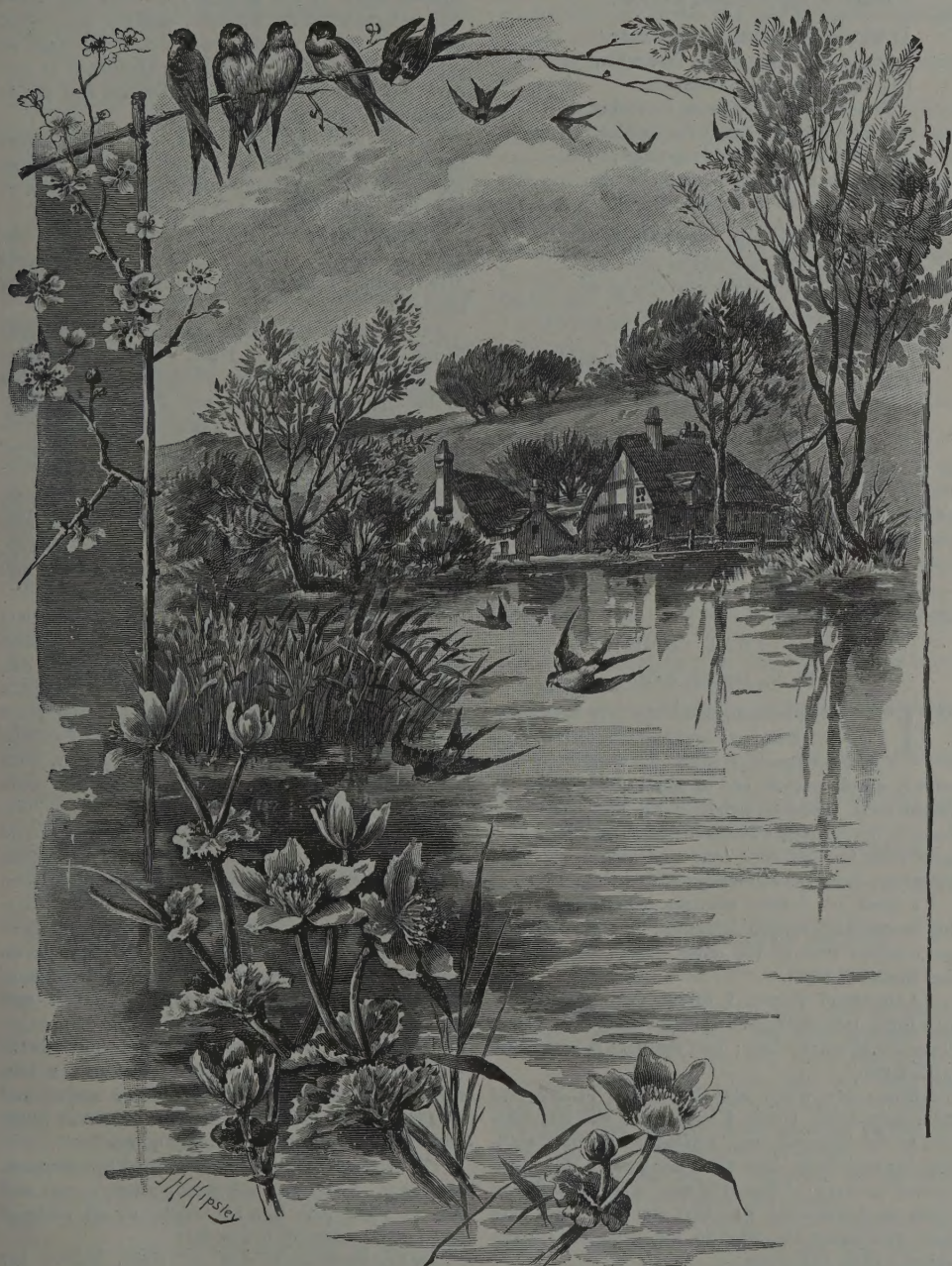
They steal the cherries, too. Haven't I seen them, many a time? But, when I tried once to take some meat from the pantry shelf, didn't I get such a whipping that I have never tried it again? And I was little then, and didn't know any better.

I thought they would be so pleased to have me catch a bird; for, when I have caught mice, they have always patted me, and said, "Nice Frisk!" or "Good cat!" And I felt so proud when I walked up to the door with that robin in my mouth. Hadn't I been watching under the apple-tree for days? It is no easy matter to catch robins, I can tell you. There is nothing slow about them, although they do act so silly when they walk, as if they must rest after every two or three steps. They go hop, hop, hop,—stop; hop, hop, hop,—stop. But go as softly as I could,—and are not my paws like velvet?—they always caught sight of me. But this time that robin was pulling so hard at a worm that he did not hear me. The idea of eating worms, anyway! Such cold, dirty things! They must be worse than cherries. He was so busy jerking that fat worm out of the ground that he did not see me.

I did not kill him, for I wanted to show him first. I felt so nice. I was sure they would feel proud of me.

But, when Rena saw me, she said, "Oh, you bad, bad cat!" and, when Ethel came, she took that bird right out of my mouth before I knew what she was about, and let it fly away. After my trying so hard to catch it, too! And then she said, "You naughty Frisk, I shall have to whip you."

Whip me! A nice, well-bred cat, the family pet! Not if I could help it! I ran as fast as I



The Coming of Spring.

could go, and hid under the currant bushes, where I stayed all the morning.

But I got so hungry at last that I had to come out. And nobody says, "Come, Frisk, Frisk, Frisk." And there are those noisy robins still up in the tree, eating cherries. Why don't they whip them?

And still no one comes. Well I've been thinking and thinking about it; and I suppose it must mean that I may catch mice, but must not catch birds, though I do not know why. Well, I think I will let the birds alone. I am sure I don't want to be called "Bad cat!" nor be whipped, nor go without my lunch. Eat away, you greedy robins. I shall not touch you again. Mice are much better eating than birds.

Ah! here comes Rena with my milk; and she is saying, "Poor Frisk!" So I think she likes me again. No more birds for me.

For Every Other Sunday.

HOW A MILKWEED SEED GOT ITS WINGS.

BY KATE H. DOWDY.

'Twas a beautiful day in the springtime,
And everything was bright;
The little birds in the tree-tops
Were singing with all their might.
And they fluttered hither and thither,
In search for what they could find,
To line their new houses and make them
Soft, cosy, and fit to their mind.

Just below them, beside the brooklet
That was wandering down to the sea,
A beautiful butterfly hovered
In talk with its friend, Mr. Bee.
To a milkweed plant it fluttered,
To rest for a moment there,
Ere again it began its journey
Far up through the warm, bright air.

As on the milkweed it lingered,
A wee voice was heard to cry:
"Oh, dear! oh dear! I'm so weary
Of always having to lie
Crowded here in this little house,
It seems as if I should die.
How I wish that I had gauzy wings,
And could travel round like a butterfly!"

"Who are you that's wanting to travel,
And who wishes that he were like me?
You would soon grow weary of flying
Around, the sights for to see,
And be glad to creep under shelter,
And to have a little nest
Where you knew, when you were weary,
You could always find quiet and rest."

"Why I am a wee brown seedlet,
Tucked away down here in the dark,
In the very heart of this milkweed pod;
And I think 'twould be such a lark
If I could be but a butterfly,
Or anything that had wings,
And could travel round the whole day long
And see the beautiful things.

"But it is so very dreary
To stay crowded here so tight,
With all my brothers and sisters small,
And never to see the light.
How I long for the golden sunshine
And a look at the clear, blue sky!
But here I must stay from day to day!
If I only had wings like a butterfly!"

"Never mind, my little seedlet:
Be patient, and some fine day,
When the sun has grown stronger and warmer,
You'll be able to fly away;

For I am a fairy princess,
And, having heard your cry,
I will give you what you long for,
Wings like a butterfly.

"Do not let it be known I have told you,
For I don't want the world to know
That I am aught but a butterfly;
And now I will have to go."
So the beautiful fairy princess,
With a laugh that was soft and gay,
Spread her wings to the winds, then said
good-bye,
And quietly sailed away.

None knew what there had been spoken
To the little seed in the dell;
For the news being whispered in secret,
It had promised never to tell.
How it longed for the sun to grow warmer,
How it wished that each day might be
The one that the fairy had promised,
When at last it should be free!

At last, with a crack and a shiver,
The door of the house flies wide,
Letting the beautiful sunshine
Stream through like an incoming tide.
A gentle breeze shakes the seedlet,
As out in the world it springs;
A voice is heard exclaiming:
"At last I've found my wings!"

"I am off on a long, long journey,
This great wide world to see;
And none shall ever know who gave
These beautiful wings to me.
But it's time that I was starting
On my journey. So now good-day!"
And the little milkweed seedling
Flew up, and up, and away.

*We have two lives: the soul of man is like the
rolling world, one half in day, the other dipt in
night. The one has music and the flying cloud,
the other silence and the wakeful stars.*

ALEXANDER SMITH.

For Every Other Sunday.

A SHIP THAT CAME IN.

BY M. LOUISE FORD.

"THERE, Blossom, that is the very best I can
do this time. It isn't elegant, but, if papa
could speak, I know he would approve
of this simple wreath, and of sending the dollar we
might have spent to brighten the day for some-
body in the hospital; for that was always his way."
And Mrs. Carling bent over and kissed her little
daughter, her eyes swimming with sudden tears.

"I think it's lovely, mamma. Aren't they just
big beauties?" replied Blossom, standing back to
get a better view of the daisy wreath as it lay on
her mother's lap.

"And wasn't it nice I found them myself? I
saw them last week, and thought they'd be out in
time for M'morial Day; and the field is just white
with them."

"Some day, when our ship comes in, we will
have something better I hope; and the hospitals
can be remembered, too," replied her mother, smil-
ing bravely back into the sunny little face up-
turned to hers. "But it is nine o'clock, and you
must go before the sun gets too hot. Are you
sure you know the way to the cemetery?" she
asked a little anxiously.

"Oh, yes, mamma. I've been there so many
times," replied Blossom, as she ran to get her hat.

"I'm so sorry I can't go with you, dear, but my
foot is too much swollen to walk so far yet; but
you will be all right if you only think before you

act." And the mother printed a kiss on the rosy
cheek, as Blossom replied with a little laugh,—

"I'll try to keep my thinker straight this time,
mamma,—see 'f I don't."

"Don't forget to leave the note at Mrs. Ly-
man's," was the parting word as the little girl set
out, with the dainty wreath held carefully in her
chubby hands.

And then, with a glance at the clock, Mrs. Car-
ling turned to the work of the day, a small pile of
white sewing, and took up her needle with a sigh,
saying to herself: "I do hope Mrs. Lyman has
more work for me, for I cannot go out to look
for more at present. And it is only a week to
rent-day. And to think of a year ago to-day! I
couldn't remind Blossom of it, for it would only
make her sad. It is only a sweet memory now,
that merry ride into the country after Mayflowers,
and the happy day together,—the last holiday
we had with papa."

The tired hands dropped as the brown eyes
strayed away to the glimpses of hills and trees
they caught from the window; and her mind went
quickly over the weary weeks that followed so
rapidly, when anxiety and care culminated in one
dark day that left their home desolate and her to
battle alone with the world.

Changes came fast after that; and to-day found
her in a humble home of two rooms in a strange
part of the city, earning her daily bread by sew-
ing, which kind friends had assisted her to find.

The breeze through the open window closed the
door with a sudden slam, and the sound brought
Mrs. Carling back to the present with its pressing
needs.

She took up the work again with determined
hands, saying: "There, I am worrying and griev-
ing again! As if I hadn't everything in the world
to be thankful for, and my Father constantly
watching over me. Such a dear little daughter to
live for, too! Grace Carling, behave yourself,
and 'count your marcies.'"

"Come in," she responded to a tap at the door,
knowing well it was her neighbor across the hall.

Old Mrs. Potter looked in, with her cheery,
wrinkled face, to inquire for the lame ankle; and
the kind thought cheered the lonely heart.

"How thankful I ought to be for such good
neighbors and friends! Some people are so far away I can
never hope to see them again. I wonder if Cousin
Joe ever thinks of me! We used to be good
friends; but a thousand miles, and years of silence
when I have been busy in my home and he with
his business, have separated us, until we seem
almost strangers."

Her thoughts were again back in the past. And
not until a glance at the clock told her it was eleven
o'clock did she realize how long Blossom had been
gone, and then she was frightened. Another half-
hour grew to an hour, and the terrible fear tugged
at her heart-strings until she could bear it no
longer. She was just preparing to go for help
when the merry laugh was heard in the hall, and
the child's rosy face appeared at the door.

"O mamma, I'm sorry; for you look awful
scared!" she burst out. "But I saw such a nice
man, and he talked to me so nice I stayed and
stayed; and we had a car-ride, too. I don't know
what made him ask me so many questions."

"Why, Lucy Carling!" exclaimed her mamma,
seriously. "Did you talk with a strange man, and
ride in a car with him?" visions of all sorts of
accidents coming up before her.

"Why, mamma, it was all right, wasn't it?
'Cause Miss Walters and Miss Lyman were with
him. But he was the one that liked me most, I
guess, 'cause he talked to me so much."

"Oh, that was it," said Mrs. Carling, looking
relieved.

"You see, they saw me putting the wreath on papa's grave, and they stopped a minute to say how pretty it was; and the man stooped down, and read the name on the stone. He made a funny sound's if he was so 'sprised, and then began to ask me questions, and wrote something in a little book," resumed Blossom, eagerly.

"Questions? What sort of questions?" asked Mrs. Carling.

"Why, who I was, and where I lived, and what my mamma's name was, and how long I had lived 'round here, and where I used to live. He spoke something softly to the ladies; and then I guess he thought he hadn't been very p'lite to ask me so many questions, and so he asked me if I wouldn't like to go on a car-ride. I told him I would if Miss Lyman would go, too, 'cause my mamma wouldn't 'low me to go alone with a gentleman I didn't know. Then he laughed (and the others did too) and said I was a wise little girl—I think he said wise—and my mother was a sensible woman, and that Miss Lyman and the other lady would go, too.

"You see we were only going a little way, he said, and would come right round this way, and it wouldn't be more'n half an hour, 'cause I said you'd worry if I was gone too long. And then what did that old car do but get stuck! And we got out and had some soda and candy, and waited and waited; and by 'n' by we got started again." And the chubby hands emptied the sticky contents upon the table.

Mrs. Carling was greatly puzzled over the occurrence, and questioned Blossom closely about the gentleman.

"No'm, I never saw him before; but he said he lived a long way from here, and had a little girl about's old as I am. He never saw papa, 'cause I asked him; or my mamma, either, he said."

Mrs. Carling tried in vain to solve the mystery, and hoped she might have a call from Miss Lyman to explain matters. But, if the latter could have thrown any light on the subject, she did not do so; and the work from her mother came next day by the hand of a servant, so there was no opportunity for explanations.

There seemed nothing to do but wait for time to unravel the mystery, if it were ever to be unravelled; and this seemed quite unlikely, as two weeks went by without any light on the subject.

It had been put aside as a curious occurrence, when one morning the postman brought an important-looking letter with a printed address in the corner, "James Elder, Attorney-at-law." The postmark was Omaha, Neb.; and the words brought the color to Mrs. Carling's face, and her eager fingers hastily broke the seal.

"Cousin Joe lives in Omaha. Can it be?"—

She unfolded a very business-like letter:—

"Dear Madame [it began],—"I write you in behalf of your cousin, Mr. Joseph Cranmer, whose legal adviser I am. His father—your uncle—has recently died, leaving no will, the property reverting, of course, to his only son, who is a confirmed invalid, unable to leave his room. You are his only relative, and he has tried for months to find some trace of you. It was only by great good fortune that I made the acquaintance of your little daughter while on a trip East, and learned from her your circumstances and address."

"Good fortune? Good Providence, I should say!" ejaculated Mrs. Carling, earnestly.

"I have communicated the facts to Mr. Cranmer; and he desires me to write at once to you, asking you to consider the suggestion here made, that you and your child come at once to make your home with him. If so, the necessary funds for travelling expenses will be at once forwarded to you; and he will look forward to your coming with

great pleasure. In proof of his sincerity and the genuineness of his request, he desires me to enclose the few words he is able to write, and a memento long treasured by him, which doubtless you will recognize.

Yours very truly,

JAMES ELDER."

A folded paper fluttered down to the floor. Mrs. Carling eagerly opened it, and a tiny bow of blue ribbon fell out. The paper bore the words in scrawling letters:—

"Do come. I long to see you. You are all I have now, dear Cousin Grace.

JOE."

The ribbon was faded and soiled; but, as she fingered it, she could hear so plainly the boyish voice as she pinned it to his jacket:—

"Yes, Grace. I'll wear it for your sake; and I'll be true blue, temperance and all, honor bright." And the happy tears came to her eyes.

It was so good to know that Joe remembered and really wanted her, to feel that somewhere in all the wide world she was really needed, and had a work to do and a home to share as well.

Blossom came in, and found her crying happy tears.

"O darling, our ship has come in; and it's all too good to be true. It is Cousin Joe who wants us,—the boy who used to drag me on his sled and play with me so much. He is all alone now, and there is plenty for us all. We are to go and share his home, and make him happy. And we will remember to be kind to others, and help as we have been helped, won't we? and we will never, never forget that our Father watches over us."

"We can sing 'Praise God' loud now, can't we, mamma?" said Blossom, with a loving kiss and a wise look on her little face.

TELL-TALES.

Pussy willow had a secret that the snowdrop whispered her,

And she purred it to the south wind while it stroked her velvet fur;

And the south wind hummed it softly to the busy honey-bees,

And they buzzed it to the blossoms on the scarlet maple-trees,

And these dropped it to the wood brooks brimming full of melted snow,

And the brooks told Robin Redbreast as they chattered to and fro.

Little Robin could not keep it. So he sung it loud and clear

To the sleepy fields and meadows: "Wake up! cheer up! Spring is here!"

Youth's Companion.

For Every Other Sunday.

AN UNATTRACTIVE GUEST.

BY MRS. ADELAIDE D. WELLMAN.

WINIFRED DOUGLASS walked slowly along the hall till she reached her mother's room, and there she stopped to unburden her mind. Evidently, her mind was much burdened: for there were wrinkles between her eyes, and her lips were pressed closely together and she stepped very decidedly.

"Mamma," she began, "it seems to me Aunt Helen has some very peculiar visitors."

Aunt Helen was a guest at the home of her brother, Winifred's father, for the first time in several years; and Winifred took much interest in her, knowing that she was regarded as a very talented woman. In fact, the niece was wont to mention with some pride her distinguished relation.

But, since Aunt Helen had come to visit her

former home, many old acquaintances had called upon her; and some of these were the occasion of the girl's disturbed state of mind.

She continued: "That hideous old woman, who came early this afternoon, did not know enough to leave when other callers arrived. And now Mrs. Belknap is coming, and I shall be most dreadfully ashamed to have her find that creature here."

Mrs. Douglass asked, "Do you suppose Helen will be ashamed?"

"Probably not. But she doesn't have to meet Agnes Belknap every day, as I do, and be made to feel that we are not up in the world quite as high as they, not quite so wealthy, nor so aristocratic, nor so elegant."

Mrs. Douglass heard, regretfully, this last remark,—not because of any sensitiveness at being regarded by the Belknaps as inferior to them, but because of her daughter's embarrassment at the modest circumstances of the family. Soon, however, she composed herself to say: "Possibly Helen prizes this little woman's esteem more highly than that of the others. She has the spirit, too, to treat the humblest guest with utmost courtesy. When the later callers arrived to-day, Miss Norton signified her intention of going. But Helen insisted upon her remaining, and by tact in bringing her into the conversation she relieved any embarrassment which might have been occasioned by contrast in personal appearances or in social positions. If you will go with me to the parlor to receive Mrs. Belknap, an observation of Helen's bearing may lessen your concern on such scores."

Winifred shrank from the humiliation of witnessing the disdain, though covert, which she was certain Mrs. Belknap must experience at finding so unprepossessing a guest at the Douglass home. But she was reassured when Mrs. Belknap, on entering the parlor, greeted Miss Norton very respectfully, because of deference, Winifred believed, to Aunt Helen; for the new-comer remarked upon the attachment which she remembered had existed between the two when Miss Norton was instructor of the two younger women in their girlhood.

The close associations of those earlier years had begotten a freedom from reserve on the part of the trio, which time had not destroyed; and the unaffected frankness among them was a surprise to Winifred, who had always regarded Mrs. Belknap through the cloud of her young daughter's superciliousness.

Possibly Mrs. Belknap had herself been a victim of senseless vanity; but certainly none such was apparent in her bearing toward her old-time schoolmate, whom she esteemed a highly successful woman. In the course of the call she exclaimed impulsively, "Helen, you have been wonderfully fortunate; but my life has been a failure."

Winifred amazedly wondered that mother and daughter should place such different estimates upon their family prestige.

To evade the abrupt praise, Aunt Helen remarked that the fact that their courses had been unlike did not indicate that one was more successful than the other. And then, with gracious playfulness, she declared that for whatever she had accomplished Miss Norton could justly claim a share of credit, as the encouragement the former teacher had given her during her early efforts had been a great aid to her.

A new respect, even an admiration, for the homely little woman, straightway sprang up in Winifred's soul; and she queried, not without warrant, whether the greater success of one of these former schoolmates might not be traceable, in part at least, to her greater deference for true worth and less sacrifice to mere appearances.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

(Adapted from *Aesop's Fables*.)

BY EMILY C. COBB.

AN old black crow sat perched on a tree,
Quite content and happy was he,
For he had a big piece of cheese.
A sly little fox was passing by:
The tempting morsel caught his eye,
"Now I will this silly bird please."
"Ah! Master Crow, how your black wings shine!
I'm sure that you have a voice as fine;
Now give me a song, I pray."
The old crow giggled, and wriggled about,
He opened his mouth: the cheese dropped out,
And with it the fox ran away.

To flattery lend not an ear,
It is so often insincere,
And has its end to serve.
Truth, plain and simple, is the best;
For from it you will never wrest
More than you do deserve.

For Every Other Sunday.

SAINT HELENA AND THE CROSS.

BY RUTH B. DELANO.

THE ranks of the saints of the early centuries of Christianity are crowded with men and women who suffered persecution and died barbarous and cruel deaths for their faith. But there are some among them who did not reach this consummation through the painful crown of martyrdom. One such is Helena, who, though the daughter of an humble innkeeper of Britain, became the wife of the Roman Emperor Constantius Chlorus and the mother of the Emperor Constantine. She was a woman of great beauty and dignity, and her humble birth made her none the less fitted for the rank of empress.

Though she was divorced for reasons of state, her son Constantine, after succeeding to the throne, restored to her the title and dignities of empress, and treated her throughout her life with loving respect. Tiboen was her British name, though as empress and saint she is known as Helena, the Pitiful. Her life was one of devotion to her faith, charity to the poor, and zeal in the best ways that she knew; and one act of hers had a mighty influence on the growth of Christianity in those days of its struggling life,—the finding of the cross upon which Christ was crucified,—“the invention of the cross.”

Much has been written and said to prove and disprove the authenticity of this strangely discovered cross, with which we have little to do; but the main facts of the story, as confirmed by contemporary historians, are that Helena, in her old age, made a journey to Jerusalem, and, having found the spot where tradition placed the scene of the crucifixion, had a temple that stood upon the place torn down and the foundations excavated, and found three crosses buried in the earth, one of which was accepted as and believed devoutly by all to be the actual cross of the crucifixion.

According to the legend, Seth, the son of Adam, made a journey to the gates of the Garden of Eden, and begged there for some drops of the oil of mercy to anoint his father, who lay at the point of death. The angel at the gate denied him the oil, but gave him a branch plucked from the tree of the forbidden fruit, saying that, when that bough bore fruit, then would all men be made whole. When Seth returned, he found his father dead. Filled with sorrow, he planted the branch over the grave; and it took root and grew, and became a tree that neither withered nor decayed,



SAINT HELENA.

though it bore no fruit, but outlived generation after generation of men, even until the reign of Solomon.

Solomon, seeing the great beauty of the tree, had it cut down and placed in his palace; and there the Queen of Sheba saw it, and told Solomon that upon that tree a man should be hanged who was to overthrow the kingdom of the Jews. Then Solomon had it buried in the earth.

After many years, when Solomon and his palace were passed away, a temple was built near the spot where the tree was buried; and the priests had a deep pit made and filled with water for washing the animals who were to be sacrificed. A wonderful thing soon became known,—that whoever descended ill or ailing into the water there came forth again hale and strong. This lasted a

long time, and the people believed that an angel came and made the water healing.

Now, when the time of the crucifixion drew near, the tree arose from the depths of the pit and floated upon the water; and the Jews took it, and fashioned it into the cross which was set up on Calvary. After the crucifixion, it was buried again in the earth, this time not for destruction, but concealment. But because many came to linger about the spot, and looked upon it as holy ground, the Romans erected a temple there, and decreed that the place should be sacred to the Goddess Venus alone.

So passed two hundred years; and, when the Empress Helena came to Jerusalem to visit the spot sacred to her faith, the pagan temple still crowned the place of the crucifixion. She called

upon the chief citizens of Jerusalem to wait on her; and they wondered what her errand might be, all but one,—Judas by name. He said: "When we come before the empress, she will demand where lies the tomb of Jesus of Nazareth, and where the spot upon which his crucifix was planted, and where it now lies buried. Now my father said to me at his death, 'My son, let no manner of torment draw from thee tidings of the spot where is buried the cross upon which He of Nazareth was crucified. For upon that time verily shall the kingdom of the Jews cease, and the Christian men shall reign!'" And they were all surprised, and said, "We know not of the place; but, if this be true, tell not the lady."

So when Helena asked her question, as Judas had said, no man among them would tell her what she wished; but, when she threatened punishment, they thrust forward Judas, saying, "Lady, here is one who will tell thee what thou wouldst know." Judas was stanch in his denials and refusals; but, after he had been forced to remain seven days in a "pit of hunger," he gave way, and led the empress to the place where stood the temple of Venus. The legend says that, when they reached the spot, a sweet odor rose from the ground, and filled all the air. Helena speedily had the temple pulled down, and Judas himself set at the task of digging. At twenty paces deep his spade struck upon wood, and there presently came to light three crosses with nails and fragments of inscriptions in wooden lettering scattered near by.

Now came the task of identifying the cross. The three were lifted up and carried into Jerusalem and placed in the market-place. And at noonday the body of a young man was borne by ready for burial. Judas had the bier laid upon the crosses in turn; and, as it touched the third, the body rose up in its burial-clothes, and became living, sound, and well. "Then cried the devil in the air: 'Judas, what hast thou done? By thee I shall lose many. By him I reigned over the people: by thee I shall lose my realm.'"

Helena sent a portion of the cross to her son Constantine, and left the remainder in Jerusalem in a magnificent shrine of gold and jewels. And Judas, having been baptized, became bishop of Jerusalem, under the name of Quiriacus. Helena, returning home, was received with all honor and reverence by Constantine and the Roman people, and soon after died, being then over eighty years old. She has been honored and sainted for her pure and charitable life, and will be remembered as the discoverer of the cross,—a fact which, though much fable and legend has gathered about it, is still in many essential details historically true.

The path of duty lies in what is near, and men seek for it in what is remote. The work of duty lies in what is easy, and men seek for it in what is difficult.
MENCIVS.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart, his next to escape the censures of the world.
ADDISON.



PICTURE AT RECESS.
(See Mr. Stone's Story.)

For Every Other Sunday.

LULLABY.

BY MARGARET B. BARBER.

HUSH, hush, little whispering breeze,
Soft, soft, little birdlings, peep,
Low, low, little brooklet, sing:
My little Star-eyes is slipping to sleep.

Hush, hush, naughty buzzing bee,
Fly, fly, naughty dancing beams,
Still, still, naughty whip-poor-will:
My little Star-eyes is dropping to dreams.

For Every Other Sunday.

A GRAND AND GLORIOUS TRIP.

BY REV. G. W. STONE.

DO you know where Santa Barbara is? Take your map and look along the Pacific Ocean, in the State of California, and you will find it, just below Point Conception. It is a pleasant place, with the Santa Ynez Mountains (pronounced Santa-nez) almost surrounding it, and the blue ocean spread out in front of it. We are staying here, waiting for Mr. Goodridge, who is to be the minister of our Unitarian church, to come and begin his ministry. One morning, while we were at breakfast in our little hotel, our good landlady, rising, said: "To-morrow is Washington's Birthday. Would any of you like to go on a picnic through San Marcos Pass to the summit of the Santa Ynez, where we can gain a glimpse of the San-Rafael Mountains beyond?" "Yes! Yes!" exclaimed one after another; and soon the party was made up.

Next morning two wagons were driven to our door, one large one with four horses attached, and one smaller. The luncheon was stowed away under the seats, and nine of us climbed into the great wagon. Crack went the long whip, and away we flew, a merry party, to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of the "Father of our Country," by a picnic in the mountains. I wonder how many of the readers of *Every Other*

Sunday went on a picnic on the 22d of February. I imagine that more of them went skating or sledding, especially those who live in New England. But here in this sunny land the weather was soft and balmy. As we drove along, we passed gardens filled with roses and many other flowers in full bloom, wild flowers by the roadside, orange-trees with both blossoms and fruit on the same tree.

It was a beautiful sight. The first few miles of our way was along the level road at the base of the mountains, but after a little while we turned toward the pass up and through the mountains. A "pass," children, does not mean a ravine or any artificial cut, but a part of the mountain range that is a little lower than the rest, and over which a wagon road can be built. Up and up our strong team pulled us, in and out of the broken surfaces of the great mountains. Now we would go around a point from which we could see the ocean and the islands, thirty miles from the shore, the town, orchards and the pleasant ranches, as they call the farms in this country. Then we would pass a noisy brook, tumbling over the rocks. Occasionally we would come upon a

cabin where some mountaineer lived, surrounded by bushes and trees, and always flowers in the little yard about the cabin. Trails now and then led off to the right or left, where the horseback riders climb to the higher cliffs.

After we had risen about three thousand feet from the level, we whirled around a point of the mountains, when, lo and behold! we suddenly came upon what do you think? A neat little school-house, freshly painted white, and on a pole above the roof there waved the dear old "Stars and Stripes,"—"Old Glory!" "Hurrah!" said one of the party. "We are still at home: they are keeping Washington's Birthday even in the Santa Ynez Mountains."

This little school-house was occupied, for the teacher told us they were to have a half-day school and a half-day holiday. When we came up, it was recess; and the little scholars came out to see us. One of the party had a kodak, and he asked permission to make a picture of the scholars. The young woman teacher gave her consent; and the timid children, hardly used to see so many strangers, were finally persuaded to group themselves in front of a magnificent live oak tree which shaded the school-house, and our friend took two pictures of the scholars, and the teacher with them. One of the pictures was a great success; and so I have sent it to my dear friend Mr. Horton, hoping that he can have it printed in this paper, so that you may see it.

Do you see that little barefooted girl on the left, with a sun-bonnet? Well, she wriggled so, in the first picture, that we could see only the back of her sun-bonnet where her face should have been; but she was all right in the second picture, and you can see her face in it, but it is too small a picture to do her sweet smiling face justice. They are all interesting children; and the young teacher, whose picture you may see just behind the little girl in the sun-bonnet, seemed very fond of them.

We gave them a cheer, and drove away, happy that the mountain children could have the blessings of a good school. Some of these children trudge

a long way up and down these grand mountains, to learn how to become intelligent American men and women.

After a long drive, we reached the top of the mountains; and on a grassy bank we unhitched the horses, built a fire, and the women of the party made the coffee, and spread the luncheon on the grass in the shade of the wagon, for the sun was warm, even up there. After strolling about on the mountain top for a while, the horses were hitched again, and we climbed into the big wagon and started homeward. The ride down the mountains was too grand to be described. The clear sky over us, the wonderful lights and shades upon the sides of the mountains as we sped swiftly down, the glimpses of the ocean, the hamlets, the orchards, the flowers by the roadside,—all these things were too beautiful for words.

Occasionally we would stop, and some of the party would alight and gather an armful of blossoms from some bush that was especially attractive.

I hope that some day all the readers of *Every Other Sunday* may have the rare privilege of enjoying the wonderful beauty of a Southern California winter. And I also hope that, when you do have that pleasure, you will visit the Unitarian Sunday School in the beautiful church at Santa Barbara.

For Every Other Sunday.

PATIENCE.

BY ARTHUR E. LOCKE.

THOU must be patient, O my soul,—
Patient to bear life's burden up;
To seek a spiritual goal;
To drink from sorrow's bitter cup!

Thou must be patient, O my soul!
God teaches patience in his plan.
While years speed on and centuries roll,
He still is but perfecting man.

Thou must be patient, O my soul,
With prayerful gaze up to the height!
His truth prevaileth o'er the whole,
And might shall yet be ruled by right.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE APRIL-FOOL BOX.

BY SARAH M. BAILEY.

ONE day, when the snow was deep, Ruth Wilson went sleigh-riding with her father. Dr. Wilson had a young horse, but Ruth was not afraid to ride behind "Spider."

Some boys had made a large snow man of big snowballs, with two dark marbles for eyes and an ugly black pipe in his mouth. He had on a felt hat, and held a cane in one hand and a gun under his arm.

The careless boys had built him close to the road. They had hidden themselves behind a stone wall to "watch the fun." The snow man looked very ugly, and Ruth and her father both gave a start when they saw it. I'm quite sure that Ruth gave a queer little scream.

Poor Spider had never seen a man like that before. He was badly frightened, and would not go by it, but stood upon his hind legs and pawed the air. He was trembling with fear; and, when he gave a leap to bound by the monster, poor Ruth was thrown out, and fell against the big snow man with an awful crash.

In her pretty room, upon her own little bed, Ruth had to lie for a long time. She had broken her ankle against the cane the snow man held. The two boys were very sober when they came from behind the wall and saw her so white and still.

Her home was in the country on a large farm. She longed to get well, and run about the shed and barn, or play on the woodpile out in the sunny yard where Paul, her brother, was sawing it into firewood.

Ruth knew, if she was patient, she should get well quicker than if she fretted. Like a good girl, she amused herself and tried to give pleasure to others. She cut out paper dolls, and dressed them for the children at the hospital where Aunt Grace was nurse.

Paul brought her large pieces of birch-bark from the woodpile, and she made many curious things from it. From dried corn-stalks she made whole sets of furniture for a doll playhouse.

While working for the hospital children, she almost forgot about her lame ankle. She was happy when brother carried her to a sheltered and sunny spot in the woodpile, where she sat and watched him work. She picked a basket of moss from the logs of wood.

Oh, how she laughed and clapped her hands when her father told her that she should go to the barn in a "love chair" to gather the hens' eggs! She knew that her father and Paul would cross their hands while she sat upon them and put her arms about their necks.

She had a basket tied in front to put the eggs into. She knew where to find all the nests.

"Now," said her father, "look sharp. You can have all the eggs you find to do what you like with."

They carried her to the empty horse-stall where the white hen laid one, then to the haymow, where, with a scream of delight, Ruth found six. In the "dove nest" were two more. Away they went to the hen-house where, in a row of nests with little gates in front of them, she found ten more. A merry little girl she was as she bowed to the hens, and said, "Thank you for these eggs."

The next day Paul drove to the city with a box marked "For Aunt Grace and her sick children from Ruth Wilson, April 1, 1901."

It was one that Ruth had been packing all the morning, putting in a great many tender messages.

There were paper dolls, dancing dolls, birch-bark boats, corn-stalk chairs and tables, and tiny dolls' beds, all put together with pins; some rosy-cheeked apples.

In a box filled with moss were the hens' eggs she found in her ride to the barn. Paul had found some "pussy-willows" near the meadow brook. These she rolled in a damp cloth and placed in the box.

A pale, tired little girl watched the brother drive away down the hill with all the pretty things she had been so long making.

While she had been busy with this work, her broken ankle had grown strong, the snow had melted away, and the spring birds were singing around her New Hampshire home.

God does not send us *strange* flowers every year. When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,

The same dear things lift up the same fair faces:
The violet is here.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

MORE than forty per cent. of the people of Great Britain could not write their names when Queen Victoria ascended the throne. At the present time only seven per cent. of the population are in that condition.

That religion which holds that all men are equal in the sight of the great Father will not refuse to acknowledge that all citizens are equal in the sight of the law.

DE TOCQUEVILLE.

For Every Other Sunday.

WHEN THE SPRING WINDS BLEW.

BY LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

"SUCH a long cold spell!" sighed the people. "It seems as if Winter had taken full possession of the land." I'll tell you the reason why. You all know that March is exceedingly fond of a frolic, and the north wind is just as bad. So, instead of having a general clearing up time,—as all respectable people ought to do,—they raced and tore and played pranks without end, till Mother Nature's patience was almost exhausted. And, really, she was just on the point of scolding, when naughty March turned over a new leaf, and set to work with a will, sweeping the dead leaves into neat piles, carrying off the loose twigs and rubbish of various kinds, until everything was ready for the rain fairies, who came in crowds, soaking the trees and bushes, and making the ground quite clean for the babies that April would wake up.

At last the spring winds blew. So warm and balmy was their breath that the tiny sunbeams skipped here, there, everywhere, saying: "Arise, arise! Open your eyes!"

So many things took place, but I can only speak of a few.

First the great army of grass-blades poked their heads through the ground. They were always on time and ready for business.

Then the leaf-babies, lying in their bark bedrooms on the branches and twigs, yawned and stretched and pushed open their wee doors, creeping slowly out into the bright sunshine. They kept their fuzzy blankets wrapped closely about them, for such tender creatures were apt to catch cold.

Out on the pussy-willow-trees the gray kitty cats were having a frolic, nodding to each other, swinging on the branches, and enjoying the world generally.

Two or three venturesome dandelions slipped on their green coats and yellow caps, and started up to investigate things. They were rather thinly clad; but such strong, brave fellows did not mind the cold.

Under some little piles of dead leaves, standing on a green moss carpet, with big green screens before their faces, were the slender hepaticas,—such sweet, airy creatures, but somewhat afraid of the wind.

"Do have some push, and rise in the world!" called the ferns, unrolling their snaky fronds. "We do not intend to sleep all the year like some folks."

"Croak, croak!" chuckled the big grandfather frog down in the brook close by. "Our place is fairly alive with my black grandchildren, the tadpoles. You should see how spry they are, especially when they are after their meals."

"The minnows and eels are at work. The dragon-fly grubs are awake, the water-beetles swimming around lively. I tell you there are no sluggards in Brook-town."

"Oh, dear! I do wish the berries would come. I am so tired of dry victuals," chattered Mrs. Gray Squirrel, pulling her tail well up over her head to shield her eyes. She had been in the dark tree house so long that the glare of sunlight was quite trying.

"There is plenty to eat, if you choose to hunt for it, as I do," replied a big black ant, as she called some of the workers to repair a few damages in her sun nursery.

"I wonder if it would be safe to commence nest-building," chirped Mr. Bluebird to his mate. "We might select the site, anyhow. I see Mr. Woodpecker is working away at his house in the chestnut-tree; but, as it will be an inside affair, it does not need a leaf canopy for a roof."

Yes, a great many things took place when the

spring winds blew. The children sniffed the balmy breezes, and cried, "Oh, the dear flowers will be out soon!" But they could not begin to know the time and trouble and care it took to select the colors, make the patterns, and dress each little nature baby in its proper suit; and they never will know unless they study botany, and even then there is so much that no one can understand about fishes and birds and plants and trees,—no one but the wise Father who created them.

For Every Other Sunday.

OUR HOPES.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

OUR hopes like seeds may come to flower
From winter's long and white repose;
This is our love's awakening hour,—
For pansy, lily, and the rose!

For Every Other Sunday.

THE FIRST FIELD SPARROW.

BY THOMAS D. BERGEN.

THE 21st of April was sunny, and by an early hour in the morning, when I sought the friendly shades of Arlington, a wooded suburb of Boston, a south wind seemed to have fanned the great sun's rays to a fiery heat. Before I had left the street for the fields and woods, I had seen five kinds of birds, the noisy robins, the cawsome crow, the loquacious "chipper," the flicker, and last (and least in my affection) the abominable English sparrow, so deserving of annihilation for its unbirdlike habits.

As I passed a lakelet situated on the hither side of a deep gorge, over which at the east a high ledge of rock frowns in a menacing way, a few hylas—the first spring frogs we have—plunged into the unruffled water with a sharp cry of surprise. An ugly leech, red and black spotted, glided through the pond near the shore in sinuous curves. Between the water itself and the lofty ridge of rock, tall twin pines rise from a common base. On their topmost twigs a lusty crow cawed as he tumbled from his perch and winged his way farther off. How beautiful is the quiet calm of this spring morning! Now even the birds are noiseless, being influenced by the fierce heat which beat down upon them. The ground is pliant and soft under foot. New-born brooks splatter away down the hillsides. The light south wind just rustles the fast clinging last year's leaves—so brown and sear—of the young oaks, and a faint murmur occasionally comes from the pines. The leaves on the ground throw up an earthy odor: they are pushed slowly aside by the fresh springing growths beneath. It is spring. It is the beginning of the renaissance. Nature will have the earth again covered with living, blooming plants. Cold, blustering winter is gone. He may not return. The soft breezes play with magic on the dull brown ground. Pyrolas are shot forth with their round, glossy leaves. Of the flowers there will be no promise until summer.

I took my way now to Waverley by Marsh Street. The few poplars in full flower were surrounded by an immense number of toiling bees, which buzzed at their work with all their might. Some willows, with their pendant "pussies," showered down golden pollen. Marsh Street from Arlington Heights tends downward for the most part into Waverley. At the left thick cedar and savin pastures extend. On the right lies a large, uneven field, which stretches away to the west; while just ahead winds, in serpentine twistings, the road itself. I left dusty Marsh Street, and turned into the upland field to the right. In the distance a song sparrow sang at intervals, and the gay trill

of the "chipper" was always sounding in my ears.

I must describe this pasture tract so snugly situated among the hills. On the Marsh Street side is a rambling stone wall, all lichen over and densely hemmed in by barberry bushes and many other scraggy growths. Here one often hears titmice sing hardily on cold, snowy days. These that now whistle close by me are likely enough the same brave little pickets. The field is covered with large rocks and small boulders, near which the stiff, dead stems of spiraea lift their brown racemes of last year's flowers. On the right the land slopes sharply down into a swamp maple bog. Against the blue horizon this line of newly budding trees shows a delicate red cloud, which merges into the low line of hills behind it.

A sweet song suddenly is uttered close to me. And yes! There is the little singer humbly hopping about the ground, and again he opens that beautifully tinted reddish beak in a song which will ever be dear to the listener. So the field sparrows have returned. Well, well! surely the spring is advancing apace. Once more the little fellow utters his pure charming note. Close under the loose rock on which I sit a glistening snake glides out and away, leaving no trail behind. Out here in this sun-covered field none but the sparrow and myself keep watch over the fair day. Not a sound is there now but the far-off cackling of some hen, insistent on letting all know of her new-laid egg, and the occasional barking of a dog some miles away. It is mid-day. The heat quivers just above the ground.

I hasten on with the song of the field sparrow still sounding in my ears. Marsh Street leads me at length to the dusty Concord turnpike. As I turn the last curve, the shrill piping of the hylas is dominant; and the loud, liquid notes of the red-winged blackbird make less impression than before. Another field sparrow sings close by, and later one more.

For Every Other Sunday.

A FRIEND, INDEED.

(PART I.)

BY MARY M. PARKS.

ROB was out in the woodshed, looking at his old wheel. He stood first on one foot and then the other, he frowned, he shut one eye, he shrugged his shoulders; but none of these things helped him to get any light on the subject.

There were several things the matter with the wheel, but the hopeless feature of the case was the tires. They had been patched until they were all patches, and now the patches refused to hold together any longer. New tires cost a good deal of money, and Rob had no money. He could not ask his father for a penny; and, as for Uncle Robert, Rob had not dared to say "wheel" since his uncle came, for fear it would seem like hinting.

"Boy! Boy!" called Uncle Robert.

Rob flew around the house, and found his uncle standing on the top step, waving a slip of yellow paper.

"Boy, do you think you and I can make the 8.30 train?"

"Uncle Robert! You're not going away! I thought you meant to stay another week."

"So did I," answered Uncle Robert, giving the telegram a vicious shake; "but somebody else thought differently. We'll have to step lively, Boy."

They ran upstairs, and hustled things into a grip, and rushed down the street, the whole family waving agitated good-byes from the veranda.

"Here," said Uncle Robert, as they ran up the

platform, "stand by the grip, while I get my ticket."

As he climbed on to the moving train a moment later, he thrust an envelope into Rob's hand.

"There, Boy, put that in your pocket," he gasped.

Rob did so with a "Thank you," but you will believe that he had it out again before the last car passed the platform. He opened it with fingers that shook a little. Then he leaned up against a truckful of trunks, and gasped for breath. It was a check for one hundred dollars!

"What's the matter, Rob?" asked Henry Ellis, who had been watching him curiously.

Rob handed him the check.

"Whew! Wish I had a rich uncle," said Henry. "S'pose you'll have a new wheel now. Well, I'll have to leave you, Rob. I came down to mail some letters for Judge Phillips, and I have to do an errand for Aunt Lucy before school."

Rob looked after Henry with a pang as he marched down the platform. "Marched" is the right word; for, if ever there was a brave little soldier, it was Henry Ellis. His father had died when he was a baby, and his mother and aunt had to work very hard to keep the wolf from the door. Out of school, Henry's whole time was taken up with a long series of never-ending "odd jobs,"—weeding somebody's garden, milking some other body's cow, splitting wood and running errands. Even at recess he nearly always ran home to do some little "chore" for his mother.

He bought all his own clothes and books; and, if ever there was a little over, it had to go to pacify the aforesaid wolf, in the shape of the water-tax man or the rent collector.

"It's a shame," said Rob to himself.

At noon Rob swallowed his dinner hastily, and hurried down to the bicycle shop.

"Now," said the dealer, "you know the best is the cheapest; and the best is the Flyer. It's the finest wheel on the market to-day. The people who manufacture it have made a study of wheels until they have made the weakest place as strong as the rest," as the deacon did in the 'one-hoss shay.' Take that old Flyer of yours, for instance. It's seen hard service; but I don't doubt I could fix it up and sell it for something. I'll allow you five dollars for it. That'll get you a new lamp and a bell."

Rob's eyes shone. He would have a fine outfit.

"Of course," the man continued, "there are other good wheels. Here is one, a Chaser."

"A Flyer for me every time," said Rob, shaking his head emphatically.

"This is a hundred-dollar wheel and a good one, but not up to the Flyer, according to my notion. I sold it to a little fellow; and he fell off and scratched himself a bit, and his mamma sent the wheel back. Luckily, he didn't scratch the wheel any; but second-hand is second-hand, and it's going for eighty dollars."

Rob suddenly grew very sober. He thought for a moment.

"How much would you charge for fixing up my old wheel, Mr. Andrews?" he asked.

"Well, let's see. Tires pretty badly gone?"

"To smithereens."

"I reckon I could do it for twenty dollars, but you don't want two wheels. I'll have to order a Flyer for you. Sold the last to Ed Somers yesterday."

"I'll let you know to-night, Mr. Andrews," said Rob, rather abruptly, walking out of the shop.

(To be continued.)

The daffodil is our door-side queen. She pushes up the sward already, to spot with sunshine the early green.
BRYANT.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

Do not fail to read Mr. Stone's interesting letter from California. He is a good friend of *Every Other Sunday*, including the Editor. We hope he will send another letter and picture soon.

Miss Delano has another article in the series on Saints. They have all added greatly to the attractive features of our paper. One more, on Saint George, will complete the list, now about ten in number.

The Editor takes in special charge the Young Contributors in this issue, and places their contributions next to his Chair. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard!" says Scripture; but ants evidently teach more than activity. The young friend who sent greeting to the English authoress showed a real interest in what he was reading. We applaud that kind of young reader.

Easter Sunday is over and gone. Well, shall we now grow dull and tame? It is true some excitement has died away, and the Sunday School is not ringing with carols or blooming with flowers. Keep the glow! Preserve the enthusiasm! Make Easter happiness permanent! The Sunday School deserves the best you can bring to it, every Sunday in the year.

For *Every Other Sunday*.

A LETTER FROM AN AUTHOR.

BY D. S. C.

(YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.)

I HAD always thought that it would be nice to get a letter from an author; but until I read a book written by an English author I had had no opportunity to do so, for in all other books that I had read the address of the author was not given. I read nearly a half-dozen of Mrs. Molesworth's books before I saw the one which contained her address in London. Then it was that I determined to write to her; and so I did, telling her that I liked her books, which ones I had read, etc. After sending the letter, I waited patiently for an answer. My parents thought that I would not get one. "Such a busy woman," they said, "would hardly find time to write to a boy away off in America; for, of course, being an author, she had very many letters of much more importance than the one which I sent to her."

Nevertheless, I had faith in Mrs. Molesworth, and before long that faith was rewarded; for one day, when at the post-office, I took from the box a letter with a London post-mark. Hurrying home, I opened it, and read as follows:—

SLOANE STREET, LONDON, S.W.

Dear D.,—I hope you will think me a model "author"; for I not only read all my letters, but generally answer them. I thank you very much for yours, and the nice things that you say of my books. I hope I am treating you with sufficient respect in writing to you by your first name. You do not say how old you are, but I think you cannot be a very grown-up person. I hope you will go on reading and liking my stories. I do not think that I shall be able to write many more, as I am fast becoming quite an old woman.

Yours sincerely,

MARY LOUISA MOLESWORTH.

Such was the letter that I received from the noted English authoress, which I prize most highly and of which I am quite proud.

For *Every Other Sunday*.

ANTS.

(YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.)

THERE are a great many different kinds of ants,—the red, black, brown, and also the parasol ants, which are the most common. But the ants I am going to tell you about are the parasol, the common brown, and the black ants that you see every day in summer.

The parasol ant is found only in the southern part of this country. They are black and very peculiar. They get a certain kind of leaf and make a parasol out of it. The way they make this parasol is by rounding the leaf and using the stem for a handle. They carry these parasols over their heads.

The most peculiar thing they do is going to war. They march in a single row, with their leader or general at the head. When they get to their battlefield, they form in line of battle the same as our soldiers do. For their weapons they use their teeth. They build their homes by burrowing among the roots of trees.

I think the boys and girls would rather hear about the little ants in their own State. The color of these ants are black and brown. The black ants are larger than the brown ants, but their habits are the same as their brown brothers.

The brown ants build their houses in the ground. Around their door they pile the dirt taken from the inside of their house. The inside of these houses is built with a long hall or tunnel, leading out from which are smaller halls or tunnels. In these smaller halls are little cells, in which are laid the eggs to be hatched. These cells are sealed, and the baby ant eats its way out when it is time for it to hatch. The ants have a large storeroom at the end of the main hall, in which they store the food for the baby ants. They also have cows. These cows are the little green plant lice taken from the leaves of plants. The ants take good care of their cows, and feed them on the best food they can find.

The ants do not work all the time: they play games the same as we do. Their games are somewhat similar to our games of tag and baseball. It is very funny to watch them play.

There are lots of things about ants that can be seen every day of their lives the same as in human beings' lives. The best way to find out about ants is not by reading books, but by watching them yourself. For a book cannot tell all an ant does, because no one can tell what they may do next.

ROBERT VANCE STEWART.

LETTER-BOX.

NASHUA, N.H.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday School at Nashua. I take the *Every Other Sunday*, and enjoy reading it and getting out the puzzles very much. Mr. Mott is our minister, and every one likes him very much. I am ten years old. We enjoyed our Easter services very much.

Yours truly,

MARGARET HARRIS.

IOWA FALLS, IA.

Dear Editor,—We like to work out the enigmas in the *Every Other Sunday*, and thought perhaps the other readers would like to work out ours. So enclosed you will find two that we hope you will put in the *Every Other Sunday* if you have a vacant place (if you think them good enough). Yours respectfully,

JENNIE KENNEDY.

IRENE SHIPMAN.

ENIGMA XVII.

I AM composed of 17 letters.

My 1, 8, is a preposition.

My 1, 2, 3, is something which small children have to take in the daytime.

My 14, 16, 10, 11, 17, means to reconcile.

My 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, means separately.

My 6, 17, 5, is a snake-like fish.

My 12, 5, 4, 8, 6, means single or solitary.

My 9, 10, 15, 11, means to be brought forth.

My whole is a noted general and an emperor of France.

MABEL ARDRA SOULE.

ENIGMA XVIII.

I AM composed of 14 letters.

My 3, 5, 8, is a small animal.

My 1, 2, 11, 13, 7, is a girl's name.

My 7, 5, 6, is a part of the head.

My 4, 10, 12, 3, 7, 8, is a part of a house.

My 9, 7, 6, 1, 13, 8, is a person who lives alone.

My 14, 13, 8, is to be seated.

My 12, 13, 1, is a part of a pair of glasses or spectacles.

My whole is my own name.

TWISTED TREES.

Mgnalioa.

Neuetsth.

Ecbeh.

Cokrhyl.

Prseuc.

Wnault.

Pamel.

Ecbeh.

Ploapr.

EDNA POTTER.

FLOWER CHARADES.

- In my *first* my *second* grows,
Pure and white as mountain snows.
- My *first* is one of baby's needs:
My *second* is the garden's pest.
Combine the two, and east and west
The wind will waft my airy seeds.

CONUNDRUMS, XIX. AND XX.

WHY are clouds like coachmen?
WHAT table has no legs to stand on?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. XV.

ENIGMA XV.—Longfellow's Poems.

CHARADE XIII.—Carpet (Car-Pet).

CONUNDRUM XVI.—Stop a minute.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—Bath, Wells, Cape Wrath, Belleville, Guinea, Kandy.

TWISTED FLOWERS.

Daffodils.	Heliotrope.
Geranium.	Nasturtium.
Fuschias.	Peony.
Petunia.	Primrose.

A USEFUL MONKEY.

DURING the time the Canadian contingents were in South Africa in active service, the popular regimental mascot was a monkey; and there were usually three or four of these little animals in each regiment. The South African ape is a remarkably intelligent animal, and they furnished no end of amusement to the boys by their strange ways and cunning antics. When the regiment was on the march, the monkeys presided over the transport and rode on top of the heavily-laden mule wagons. Not a few of these monkeys were smuggled down country and on board the troopship which brought the boys back to Canada. Sergeant Eddie Holland, of the Canadian Mounted Rifles, son of Mr. Andrew Holland, official reporter of the Senate at Ottawa, succeeded in getting one of these little animals safely home with him. The severity of the Canadian winter caused the animal much suffering, and Sergeant Holland was at a loss where to domicile his pet. Finally, some one suggested putting him down in the basement where the furnace was. The suggestion was acted upon; and for several days the monkey found a comfortable home near the furnace, where he seemed much interested in the furnace man firing up during the day. Returning home late one night, Sergeant Holland heard a noise in the basement, and went down to see what it was. A strange sight met his eyes. The monkey was standing alongside the furnace, with the door wide open, throwing in coal for dear life. From that time on until he was removed, the little animal insisted, when no one was around, in keeping the furnace full of coal all the time. After filling it, he would sit for hours with the door open, watching the coal burn. *Selected.*

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